

THE HOME CIRCLE

Regret.*

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still might keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
We loitered through the summer land,
What Presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
That you were called, O friend, to go,
I should have stayed all foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long God-speed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face,
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link
To bind the heart, so constant grown,
And keep it constant even there,
If I had known.

If I had known that, until death
Shall with his finger touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you, before God's great, white throne,
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

—Christian Reid.

Is Your Wheat Good?

Two men were having a spirited argument over the merits of their respective churches. One was a Presbyterian and the other a Baptist. Finally one called a neighbor who was passing, and asked his opinion as to which was the only church in which to be saved.

"Well," said the neighbor, "my son and I have hauled wheat to the same mill nigh on to forty years. Now there are two roads that lead from our place to the mill—one's the valley road, t'other over the hill. And never yet, friend, has the miller asked me which road I took. He always asked: 'Is your wheat good.'"—Selected.

Better Drop the Cigarette, Young Man.

The cigarette-smoker would do well to take warning while there is yet time for him to quit—while there is yet ground for him to stand upon. Evidences multiply that he is presently to be shut out of the ordinary avenues of business, the latest coming from Rock Hill, S. C., where the directors of the Union National Bank have adopted a resolution that no person who smokes cigarettes can find employment in that institution. Better quit, young man, or you will find soon that nobody wants you.—Charlotte Observer.

*This is No. 84 of a series of North Carolina Poems selected especially for The Progressive Farmer by the Editor.

Market for Moss.

One of Major McClellan's favorite stories is of a young Irish lad who came to America to seek fame and fortune. He had an uncle engaged in a small business, who, taking advantage of his nephew's ignorance, offered him employment on terms highly advantageous to his employer.

The boy soon discovered the situation, and at the end of the year informed his uncle that he had obtained more lucrative employment, and intended to leave.

"You are making a great mistake," protested the uncle, "in leaving a steady job for a little more money. You should remember that a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Moss," queried the lad; "and where is there a market for moss?"

A Quotation Well Used.

Few have ever forgotten the cyclone of cheers that burst over the Republican convention of 1880 as Conkling, tall, majestic, imperious in his bearing, strode upon the platform and faced that great audience of 20,000 souls. Conkling was there determined to secure the nomination of Ulysses S. Grant as President for a third term. It was fifteen minutes before he could be heard. The mighty thunder of those 20,000 throats, from friend and foe, rolled and crashed and rumbled on. At length Conkling, swinging his arms above him, brought them down, down, down, by graceful moves as if to soothe the tempest. He did this a dozen times. There was silence at last. In a voice broken by four days of battle in committee-rooms and on the floor of the convention, yet sonorous in its very hoarseness, he began his speech by declaiming:

And when asked what State he hails from, our sole reply shall be,
He hails from Appomattox, and its famous apple-tree.

No scene in any National Convention of either party since has rivalled that which greeted Conkling's use of Miles O'Reilly's famous lines. It was half an hour before he could proceed, and through it all the multitude cheered and roared interruptions.—Supreme Moments at National Conventions, Everybody's Magazine for July.

Long Life.

Weber sums the main points to be observed by those desirous of a long life as follows: 1, Moderation in eating, drinking and physical indulgence. 2, Pure air out of the house and within. 3, The keeping of every organ of the body, so far as possible, in constant working order. 4, Regular exercise every day in all weathers; supported in many cases by breathing movements and by walking and climbing tours. 5, Going to bed early and rising early, and restricting the hours of sleep to six or seven hours. 6, Daily baths or ablutions according to individual conditions, cold or warm, or warm followed by cold. 7, Regular work and mental occupation. 8, Cultivation of placidity, cheerfulness and hopefulness of mind. 9, Employment of the great power of the mind in controlling passions and nervous fear. 10, Strengthening the will in carrying out whatever is useful, and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes and other injurious agencies.—British Medical Journal.

Degeneracy Disproved.

There are people who declare that the country is going to materialism and degradation. There are even people who prove this awful condition by isolated examples of individual degeneracy. But at last we have the final word on the other side. "The World's Work" devotes itself in July to showing the finer side of American life, and to proving, by most interesting articles and interesting pictures, that the conditions are becoming better every day; that our schools are better; that our appreciation of art is better; that we buy

more pictures and books than any other people in the world; that our charities are conducted with more skill and judgment than they ever were before; that there is less dishonesty, and that the cultivation of the arts and of the higher life is making rapid strides—keeping pace, in fact, with the great increase in the material advance of the people. This helpful review has been worked out with success, and the pictures add very greatly to the interest of the number.

Making a Reputation.

Mr. McKinley always had a way of looking into things for himself. The story is told that during his lawyer days he very often passed a pork butcher's shop on the way to his office and back home.

In the morning he used to notice that sausages were twenty cents a pound always. The sign read:

"Good Pork Sausages,
20 cents."

Sometimes they were twenty cents a pound in the evening, but more often twelve. The sign might even read:

"Fine Pork Sausages,
10 cents."

The thing, he used to say, worried him. Sausages were not of so perishable a nature that they would not keep until next day. So he stopped one evening at the shop, said it looked like rain, and inquired about the price of sausages.

"Ten cents," said the storekeeper.

"But," said McKinley, "they were twenty cents this morning."

"So they were, Mr. McKinley," said the unabashed sausage merchant. "So they were. Then I had 'em, now I haven't. Sausages at ten cents is simply to get me a reputation for cheapness. See?"

The future President saw, and was in the habit of saying a great many reputations were made that way.—Selected.

Glenn a Country Boy.

Hon. Robert B. Glenn, the next Governor of North Carolina, is in his fifty-first year, the very prime of life. Like his predecessor in this high office, he was a country boy and began and carved his career without the advantages, or perhaps disadvantages, of inherited wealth. The gallant and heroic father left a far richer legacy to his sons—an indomitable will and a firm maintenance of conviction. Capt. Chalmers Glenn, the father of the next Governor of the Old North State, enlisted in the Confederate army and lost his life in the battle at South Mountain. His body lies in an unmarked grave.—Raleigh Post.

A Jumble of Words.

Senator Stewart of Nevada, in making a speech before a committee, once used the word "intrinsic."

"Here," interrupted another member of the committee, "you didn't use that word right?"

"What word?" asked Stewart.

"Why, 'intrinsic.'"

"Yes, I did."

"Webster doesn't say so."

"Webster? What Webster?"

"Webster's dictionary."

"Now, see here," growled Senator Stewart, "I am tired of having that book quoted at me. Every schoolboy knows that it is a mere jumble of words."

Miss Alice Roosevelt is quoted as having said recently, while the wild life of the West was under discussion, that "if papa had turned out to be a bad man he would have been the baddest man that ever was." It must very frequently occur to Miss Alice that the family has much to be thankful for, seeing that the head of the house became President of the United States instead of a very bad man.—Asheville News.